

### Extract from a Colored Diaries.

"De while, my frenz, am  
werry seldom found in many  
other places dan de Mediter-  
ranean or Pacific Oceans. De  
while am among de fishes  
what de elephant am among de  
beast—de biggest buster of dem  
all. A fisherman named John  
swallowed me once, but is other  
loaded his stomach to de degree  
dat in tree days he full  
him up again. It was too much  
for him. De whale am de big  
fish; de foolish aristocracy of  
de sea, de greatest de big bugs  
am de foolish aristocracy, ob  
de land; but de human hab de  
warning ob de latter—an un-  
washed de, devours a good deal,  
dev produces sunlin, but den  
dev foolish aristocracy devours  
charying and produces nulis."

\*\*\*  
Rock the cradle, Lucy.

We call the following bonnie  
verse, from the poetic partner  
of the New York Daily  
News, for the especial gratification  
of "young" papas and  
mamas, with their first babelet,  
for that is the proper, as well  
as endearing, sobriquet of the  
FIRST little one. To call it babe  
would be too magniloquent for  
the wee thing; to call it baby  
would be too prosaic, for the  
poetry of thought, incarnated in  
it, and the sacry of feeling  
that clusters about the first  
child, the bud of being, chargin  
with an infant tenacity to  
the parent stem—babelet is the  
word—the idea, the impersonation  
of all that is winning in  
innocence, endowed in affection  
and touching in tenderness—  
and thus it is sung in bewitching  
strains by some unknown  
hand:

**SONNET TO A BABELET :**  
Ob! babelet, why that tourist,  
A glosion in thine system,  
Thy heartlet—babelet—dearlet!  
It should never know a sight,  
A smilin, on thy spler,  
Should glisten, little lovelin,  
Or joy's cup take a sputin.  
Don't cry, my little dovelet.

—We wished, on hearing  
a holo conversation the  
other day, that we had some  
type that would print tones; but, for the want of that, if the  
reader will try to imagine, first,  
the uncouth enunciation of a  
tory-blatter power buck ingege; next, the confident air of  
a man who is "sure" that "his"  
prescription never fails; last,  
the most lugubrious expression  
that ever disuted from the E-  
thiopian tongue: he may get  
an idea of what it was that  
made us explode in the heart-  
est guffaw we have enjoyed in  
a long time.

"Master, that medicine you  
told me to give my wife, she  
said it did her more good than  
everything else she took."

"Ooh, yes! it cracketh."

"No, master, she's dead."

[Patriot News.]

Why is a pretty young woman  
like corn in a time of scarcity?  
Because she ought to be hus-  
banded.

**Memphis Cards.**

**THE PLACE FOR BARGAINS!**  
**L. H. HUMPHREY & CO.**  
Corner Main and Jefferson st., Memphis,  
Tenn.

Cash dealers in every article, Carpets,  
Books, Shoes, &c., &c.

We sell for Cash exclusively,  
and can offer inducements to purchasers  
that cannot be met with elsewhere.

Care and examine, as we have great  
pleasure in showing our goods.

**SMALL PROFITS, AND QUICK SALES.**

JULY 2—1851—15.

**E. A. PARKER, JAMES BROWN, C. R. DAVIS,**

**PARKER, ELDER & DAVIS,**

**Cotton Steniers, Grocers**

AND

**COMMISSION MERCHANTS.**

No. 6, Haynes's Row,

Memphis, Tenn.

Keep constantly on hand Bagging, Ropes,

and Plantation supplies, generally.

Aug. 25—1851.

**T. A. HAMILTON, E. H. WEST,**

**HAMILTON AND WEST,**

Cotton Factors and Commission

MERCHANTS,

NO. 5, FRONT ROW,

Memphis, Tenn.

Attend to the storing and selling of

Cotton, at 50¢ per hale.

Particular attention given to weighing

and selling.

July 9—1851—15.

The girls are complain-

ing of the times—they are in

hard that the boys can't "pay"

their addresses.

### Memphis Cards.

#### WARD and JONES, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL



#### DRUGGISTS

233 Main street, Memphis, Tenn.

#### SIGN OF THE

#### GOLDEN MORTAR.

Physicians, Merchants, Planters,  
and others, supplied with Drugs, Medi-

cines, Paints, Oils, Gums and Grass

goods, on the most favorable terms,

and prices which cannot fail to give

satisfaction.

Every article warranted fresh

and genuine.

July 9—1851.

Rock the cradle, Lucy.

We call the following bonnie

verse, from the poetic partner

of the New York Daily

News, for the especial gratification

of "young" papas and

mamas, with their first babelet,

for that is the proper, as well

as endearing, sobriquet of the

FIRST little one. To call it babe

would be too magniloquent for

the wee thing; to call it baby

would be too prosaic, for the

poetry of thought, incarnated in

it, and the sacry of feeling

that clusters about the first

child, the bud of being, chargin

with an infant tenacity to

the parent stem—babelet is the

word—the idea, the impersonation

of all that is winning in

innocence, endowed in affection

and touching in tenderness—  
and thus it is sung in bewitching

strains by some unknown  
hand:

SONNET TO A BABELET :

Ob! babelet, why that tourist,  
A glosion in thine system,  
Thy heartlet—babelet—dearlet!

It should never know a sight,

A smilin, on thy spler,

Should glisten, little lovelin,

Or joy's cup take a sputin.

Don't cry, my little dovelet.

\*\*\*

Rock the cradle, Lucy.

We call the following bonnie

verse, from the poetic partner

of the New York Daily

News, for the especial gratification

of "young" papas and

mamas, with their first babelet,

for that is the proper, as well

as endearing, sobriquet of the

FIRST little one. To call it babe

would be too magniloquent for

the wee thing; to call it baby

would be too prosaic, for the

poetry of thought, incarnated in

it, and the sacry of feeling

that clusters about the first

child, the bud of being, chargin

with an infant tenacity to

the parent stem—babelet is the

word—the idea, the impersonation

of all that is winning in

innocence, endowed in affection

and touching in tenderness—  
and thus it is sung in bewitching

strains by some unknown  
hand:

SONNET TO A BABELET :

Ob! babelet, why that tourist,  
A glosion in thine system,  
Thy heartlet—babelet—dearlet!

It should never know a sight,

A smilin, on thy spler,

Should glisten, little lovelin,

Or joy's cup take a sputin.

Don't cry, my little dovelet.

\*\*\*

Rock the cradle, Lucy.

We call the following bonnie

verse, from the poetic partner

of the New York Daily

News, for the especial gratification

of "young" papas and

mamas, with their first babelet,

for that is the proper, as well

as endearing, sobriquet of the

FIRST little one. To call it babe

would be too magniloquent for

the wee thing; to call it baby

would be too prosaic, for the

poetry of thought, incarnated in

it, and the sacry of feeling

that clusters about the first

child, the bud of being, chargin

with an infant tenacity to

the parent stem—babelet is the

word—the idea, the impersonation

of all that is winning in

innocence, endowed in affection

and touching in tenderness—  
and thus it is sung in bewitching

strains by some unknown  
hand:

SONNET TO A BABELET :

Ob! babelet, why that tourist,  
A glosion in thine system,  
Thy heartlet—babelet—dearlet!

It should never know a sight,

A smilin, on thy spler,

Should glisten, little lovelin,

Or joy's cup take a sputin.

Don't cry, my little dovelet.

\*\*\*

Rock the cradle, Lucy.

We call the following bonnie

verse, from the poetic partner

of the New York Daily

News, for the especial gratification

of "young" papas and

mamas, with their first babelet,

for that is the proper, as well

as endearing, sobriquet of the

FIRST little one. To call it babe

would be too magniloquent for

the wee thing; to call it baby

would be too prosaic, for the

poetry of thought, incarnated in